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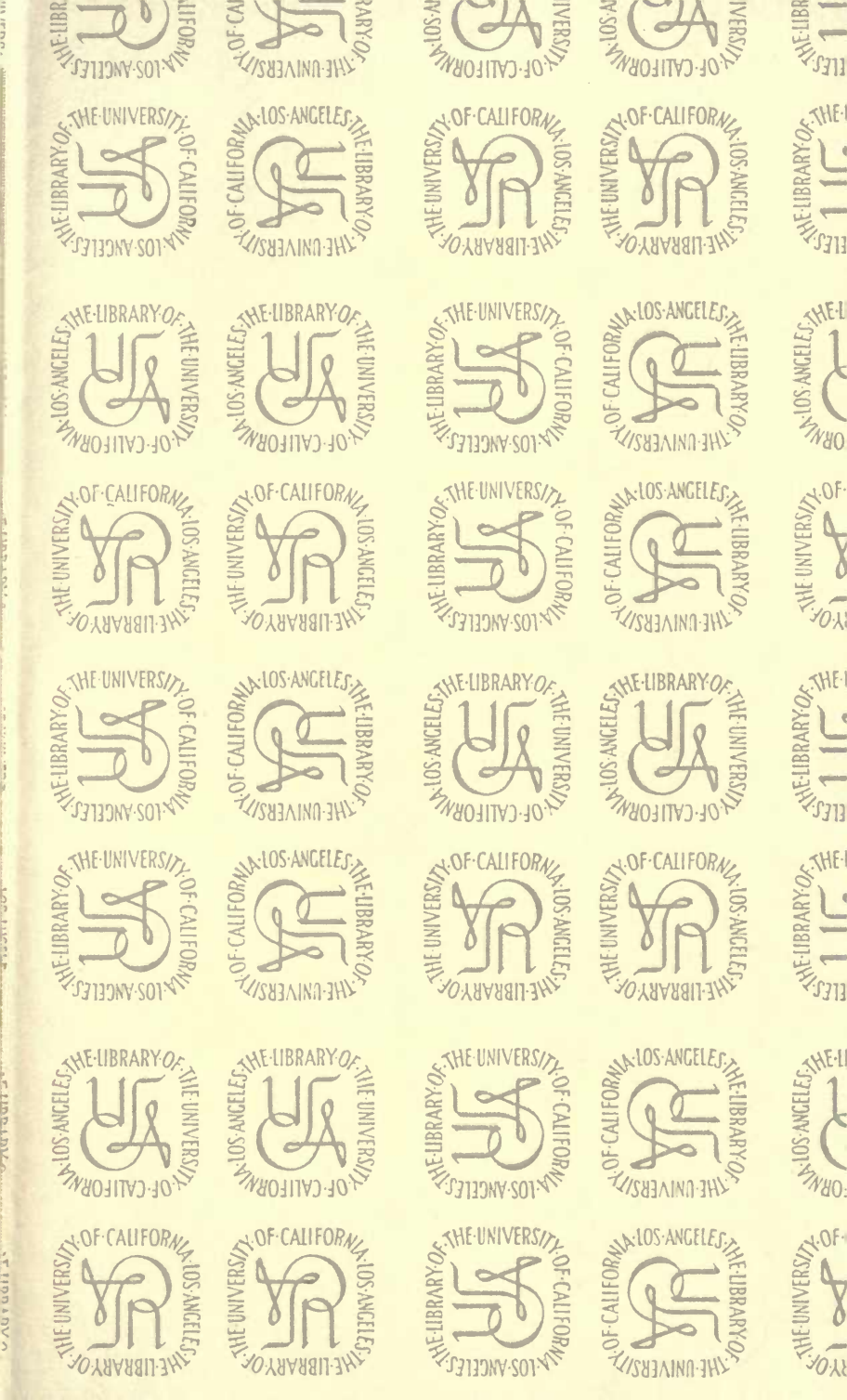
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# Intellectual Enthusiasm.

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AN

## Inaugural Lecture

DELIVERED FOR THE SESSION, 1898-9,

AT THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES,

ABERYSTWYTH,

OCTOBER 26th, 1898,

BY

H. MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.,

*Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.*



Aberystwyth :

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD RENDEL,  
PRESIDENT OF THE  
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH,  
AND TO  
ALL THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE  
THIS ADDRESS IS  
RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY  
DEDICATED.

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## INTELLECTUAL ENTHUSIASM.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

My subject this evening is "Intellectual Enthusiasm."

"I can't make you geologists, but I can fire your imaginations," was the once famous and still well-remembered saying of the best-loved man in Cambridge through many decades of this century. I mean, of course, old Adam Sedgwick, for fifty-five years our Professor of Geology and the life-long friend of your famous Cambrian rocks which he visited so often and loved so dearly. We young men used to talk of him among ourselves as the "Grand Old Man," and I believe he retained this title till a younger rival, destined to surpass him in age as well as in fame, seized upon it by a kind of *plébiscite* and annexed it for ever.

The saying of Sedgwick is one which smaller men may be allowed to quote, if, by some fatal conjuncture, not of their own choosing, they find themselves one day in the Professor's chair. There are but few of us who can "make" our hearers anything that they either are or are not already, whether geologists, or bards, or harpists; but we may not be wholly useless if, in some direction, by some spell, moral or intellectual, we can "fire their imaginations" and kindle or re-kindle their enthusiasm.

I have the honour, the high honour, this evening of addressing those who belong to a society dedicated to learning, and not only

so, but dedicated by a yet recent consecration. The fresh dew of that unction is not yet dry. You are still proud of it. Well, my friends, there are many points of view from which you may regard this much-prized home. It is the place where you are framing the ideals of your career. It is the place where you are forming delightful friendships. It is the place where you are fashioning, sharpening, polishing the tools which are to cut out for you the outward good things of life, comfort, independence, influence, perhaps even fame, power, ascendancy. It is the place also where, either as a conqueror at the head of an army, or as simply an intrepid, but not very richly-furnished explorer, you are pushing your advance through that special region of learning in which you have chosen to hoist your flag.

What I urge is—the importance of the spirit, the real, true, innermost spirit, with which you throw yourself into this high quest. Is it with the prudential calculation of self-interest, or with the lover-like transport of affection? Do you love it for what it gives, or for what it is?

As to this, let me refresh your ears for a moment with the echoes of a voice once kingly and Olympian, and now resting from its thunders at the foot of the romantic "Old Man" of Coniston. You will see that I speak of Mr. Ruskin, the unseen Honorary Fellow of every home of culture. This is what he said some years ago to some young students of Art: "Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask you what your leading motive is for working; that is a different thing. You may have families to support, parents to help, brides to win. But when you are fairly at the work, what is the motive then which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents; if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you; if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you, then the Spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth, it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune that you desire; but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live."\*

My friends, I am pleased with my quotation, so much so, that, if you will allow me, I will stand aside for a few minutes longer and place you in direct touch with a few more of the

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\* "The Two Paths," end of Lecture I.

Immortals, for they are the real lecturers on that "pearl of great price," intellectual enthusiasm.

Listen, first, to our great poet Wordsworth, as he re-creates the happy days when his mind was in the making. "Many," he says in the Prelude,

Many are our joys  
In youth, but, oh ! what happiness to live  
When every hour brings palpable access  
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,  
And sorrow is not there.

And again when, exactly a hundred years ago, he stood beside the Wye, almost your own river, the river which so clearly defines and is so indisputably contained in your legitimate "sphere of influence :"

I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite ; a feeling and a love  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.

Listen, again, to the great Goethe, when his mind is settling down from its first tumultuous fermentations, and the path of peaceful devotion to Nature and her teaching lies clear and level before his view : "How legible the book of Nature becomes to me, I cannot express to thee. My long lessons in spelling have helped me, and now my quiet joy is inexpressible. Much as I find that is new, I find nothing unexpected. Everything fits in, because I have no system, and desire nothing but the pure truth."

Or listen to yet another voice from Germany, a voice which recalls the early student days of that lifelong friend of England, the warm-hearted Bunsen, and of the eager intellectual brotherhood of which he was the acknowledged centre. The scene is the University of Göttingen. If Canning has wickedly tempted us to laugh at it, let the good Bunsen rather lead us to revere. "On looking back," says his friend Brandis, "upon our society, I consider it remarkable for the reality of individual regard which made perfect sincerity possible. Truth was to be the object held in honour by everyone, and strong concussion and repulsion among minds would often take place without causing bitterness or any cooling of friendship."

Another member of this German brotherhood records an incident which has become better known. "A spirit," he says, "of zealous but friendly emulation arose amongst us ; and on a certain

cheerful evening, at my suggestion, we made a vow, each to each other and to all, that we would effect something great in our lives.”\*

Some bad persons, not I am sure sitting here to-day, are capable of smiling at such an outburst, but it will not be my younger hearers. No man, no woman, was ever the worse for saying, in days of youth, whether with the lips or in the heart, whether in conversation or on the knees, “I vow to do something great before I die.”

And now for something of a contrast—“intellectual enthusiasm,” but in a different key. A contrast is not always or necessarily a discord. I have given you a *souvenir* of the eager, ardent German scholar and statesman. Let me now supplement it by some few incisive words of a hardly less able Englishman, a scholar and historian, the late admirable Dean Merivale. It is only within the last few weeks that the veil which covered his inner life has been partially lifted, and that by pious hands. He is sketching his early days and his early years at Cambridge, when he came up seventy-two years ago, fresh from Haileybury and from Harrow. He began, as you will see, well. His “first evening,” he tells us, “was spent with the Wordsworths at the Master’s Lodge at Trinity. They had got together half-a-dozen freshmen, and we passed together one of those hours of fabulous felicity when young men meet together, perhaps for the first time, with some common friend as a centre of interest, and the common aspiration of a new career before them. Every fresh acquaintance seemed a revelation to me, and I met with no new friend at the time who did not seem to show me the narrow bounds of my own knowledge and acquirements. My first day or two at Cambridge taught me as many lessons of self-knowledge and humility as some of the years that had gone before.”

I think I may say in passing that Cambridge still persists in grimly teaching, by much the same methods, that great science “Know thyself.”

Dean Merivale, a year or two later, opens out another window into these hours of “fabulous felicity,” hours that come once in a lifetime. He is still owing his various debts to his various associates, almost in the spirit of the noble Marcus Aurelius, of whom he was destined, more than thirty years after, to write the history and the eulogy. “Most happily for myself,” he says, “I fell just at that time into the society of able and studious youths of my own standing. We have all ever felt and still feel a certain freemasonry of sympathy which binds us implicitly to one another as brethren of one family. Our common bond has been a common

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\*See Baron Bunsen’s “Memoirs,” Vol. I., pp. 56 and 46.

intellectual taste, common studies, common literary aspirations; and we have all felt, I suppose, the support of mutual regard and perhaps some mutual flattery. We soon grew"—I should like to have omitted this clause,—“we soon grew, as such youthful coteries generally do, into immense self-conceit. We began to think that we had a mission to enlighten the world upon things intellectual and spiritual. The style of our discussions may be illustrated by a saying of one of our profound philosophers, Jack——: ‘The world is one great thought and I am thinking it.’”

Ladies and gentlemen, you are well aware that since these grave charges were made, more than two generations back, the worn-out Universities of your powerful Hinterland have renewed their youth and cast off their slough. But perhaps nothing can show you more plainly how far we have travelled and how complete has been our change of skin, than my assurance that those who took their degrees at Cambridge only a few years later, like Sir William Harcourt and myself, fail to recognise in that brilliant but too self-confident coterie any kind of resemblance to our Cambridge selves and our then surroundings. My right hon. friend will, I am sure, agree with me in attesting that in our time the besom of moral reform had swept away every cobweb of self-conceit. We knew our limits. We claimed, as we claim now, no mission to enlighten the world, either from the pulpit, or in Parliament, or in the Press, “upon things intellectual and spiritual.” And yet we, too, had our “intellectual enthusiasm.”

And now, my friends, that we have come, I hope, to know something of each other through ambassadors selected impartially from England and from Germany, let us come to close quarters and look one another in the face. This “intellectual enthusiasm,” of which glorious things have been spoken by many tongues in many lands—is it one of the natural products of a University? Still more, is it ours? Have we reached it, and taken it, and do we mean to keep it?

The answer to the first question can hardly be doubtful. There are few pages more delightful than those which describe the passion for learning which kindled and ennobled some periods of history. “Tollite, legite.” Take up and read. Read Sir James Stephen’s “Power of the Pen in France,” or Mr. J. R. Green’s “History of the English People,” or Mr. Hastings Rashdall’s recent work on “The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages.” Read there the account of the intellectual life at Paris in the eleventh century, when Abelard was fascinating his thousands and Bernard his ten thousands; and again the intellectual life at Oxford in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the Snowdons and Cader Idrises of thought were represented by such men as Edmund Rich, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert Grossetete, afterwards Bishop of Lin-

coln; and, later on, by the "Invincible Doctor," William of Ockham, and that dauntless "valiant-for-Truth," John Wycliffe. No man can doubt the reality of "intellectual enthusiasm" at a University who has even glanced at Mr. Rashdall's fascinating pages.

I do not like to make even a passing reference to this great work of an Oxford scholar without one word of personal acknowledgment. It has been usual for grateful pupils to record with pious pleasure and sometimes, perhaps, with laudable exaggeration the debt which they conceived themselves to owe to some former teacher, and there are few more graceful lines than those of Tennyson in which this generous instinct finds worthy utterance :

And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves but knows not reaps  
A truth from one that loves and knows?

But there is a corresponding privilege which it is sometimes a duty and always a pleasure to proclaim, when the reaper is not the pupil but the teacher, the teacher who, having taught but too little in the years of his prime, rejoices in his declining years to watch the independent achievement and the growing fame of a distinguished pupil. And that is my happy relation now to Mr. Hastings Rashdall, whose monumental work on the early Universities is one of the classics of our time. He speaks on this subject as from a Professor's chair. He cannot, indeed, make us all Oxonians, but, like Sedgwick, how he fires our imagination! What a picture he paints of the "intellectual enthusiasm" of the time of Roger Bacon! The students in those days were very young, very unruly, very pugnacious, very far from being members of any Temperance Society, and, worse still, they were all of one sex. But what an ardour there was among them! What fulness of faith in the things of the mind! What a thirst after knowledge! What a hero-worship of great teachers! What a readiness to endure almost any physical hardship—cold, hunger, wretched accommodation—if only they could "get learning" and listen to lectures which lasted sometimes, if only they came before breakfast, for three heroic hours! As to accommodation, if such a word is not a pitiable anachronism, we are told by Sir James Stephen that when, two centuries before, Abelard of the honeyed tongue set up his school in France "first at Melun and then at Corbeil, such was the throng and such the curiosity of his pupils that they were content, during the season of his lectures, to dwell in huts rudely composed of reeds and mud."\* And in a like spirit, so we learn from Mr. Rashdall, in at least one Cambridge College, "the cheerless picture presented by

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\* "Lectures on the History of France," Vol II, 78.

the fireless studies is completed by the wooden window-shutters, the clay or tiled floors either bare or strewn with straw, and the unplastered ceilings."

Or take a yet more testing physical privation, the absence of all amusements. I again quote the historian of the Universities. "A very striking feature of medieval university life, at least in English eyes"—Mr. Rashdall, I ought perhaps to say, passed some happy years at Lampeter and knows that we must not measure Welsh gravity by English frivolity—but in English eyes "one striking feature of medieval university life is the almost total absence of authorised or respectable amusements." Even playing with a ball or a bat, the nearest approach to athletics which we encounter, is at times forbidden among other "insolent" games. Even chess—innocent, respectable, strictly sedentary chess—was, it seems, treated as an academic heresy. At New College the stern Bishop of Winchester includes chess among the "noxious, inordinate, and dishonest games which are forbidden to his scholars."

Nature, of course, shrieked at this episcopal tyranny, and planned her revenge. If lawful amusements were banished, unlawful amusements were sure to mount the vacant throne. We read of excesses which I almost hesitate to mention in this decorous assembly and in the presence of a distinguished Statesman, who long years since, before even the incorporation of your University, held the seals of the Home Office in the adjacent peninsula. We read of hawking, and poaching, and turning highwaymen, and even stone-throwing, and—worse even than this—wandering at night "with horrible shoutings and noisy and unwonted songs," and actually "beating the watch," the Dogberrys and Vergeses of that physically lawless but intellectually enthusiastic age.

Do we shudder, my friends, at this photograph, this almost phonograph, of medieval life? Do any of us draw the conclusion that, if we are to rival those young students in intellectual enthusiasm, we must rival them also in their feats of recreation? No, my friends, I have not come all the way from time-honoured Cambridge to press this extreme of a pitiless logic on a young and ingenuous society. But this I venture to submit to you. Is intellectual enthusiasm in our days quite safe in this part of the field? Are you quite satisfied that it has nothing to fear from what we call "amusements?" Students in history and politics are familiar with the phrase "the balance of power." As applied to rival nations, it has long been recognized as a symbol of the unstable and the precarious. But "the balance of power" among rival enthusiasms—whose is the "mailed fist," where is the Bismarckian or the Imperial hand, that may have strength and steadiness to hold it?

And surely there are signs of a struggle. There are those who, as they study the lives of their contemporaries, old and young, not in the cloister, or from the blue-book, but in the newspaper, and on the river, and on the cricket-ground, have half persuaded themselves that the English parent's enthusiasm for study is at least balanced by his, or even her, enthusiasm for athletics; and, further, that the proud English schoolboy, in this if in no other branch of ethics, vouchsafes to pay a profound and filial deference to the wisdom of his ancestors. Nay, there is some reason to fear that even grave pastors and masters are not always able to hold the two enthusiasms in perfect equipoise. In the charming memoir of Dean Merivale, to which I have already referred—in which by-the-bye he forgets to tell his favourite story that some Harrow Eleven during his stay in the school contained two future archbishops, three bishops, and one dean, viz., Archbishop Trench and Archbishop Manning, Bishop Charles Wordsworth, Bishop Perry, Bishop Oxenden, and himself,—in this delightful outpouring of the memories of the old student and historian, I find him saying that some fifteen years ago he had a visit at Ely from the then headmaster of one of our leading English public schools. "It is amusing," he writes, "to hear the master talking of his boys and evidently putting athletics at least on a par with learning. We shall have fellowships given for the high-pole jump by and by, I expect."

It is a far cry from the intellectual enthusiasm of the Middle Ages, sobered by few amusements save those of the poacher and the highwayman, to the frivolity exhibited by this modern idolater of athletics.

Who but must laugh if such a man there be?  
Who would not weep if some one here were he?

Would you not all scout him as either a turncoat or a hypocrite if he had the front to stand up before you on an evening such as this and pose for the best part of "one crowded hour" as the champion, not of athletic sobriety, but of "intellectual enthusiasm?" It is, I hope, never too late to mend; and the question I would now put to you, speaking as a reformed character, is this—whether you do not recognize, not of course in yourselves, but in some great schools and colleges in a neighbouring country, some real danger from the competition of enthusiasms? Are you quite sure that, in the great match which is always being played between them, intellect is on the whole winning? Is it the favourite with the onlookers? Are its exploits the most cheered? I can well understand that in this favoured retreat, "on the shore," as Lord Beaconsfield might have phrased it, "on the shore of a melancholy ocean," the time may not have come when your enthusiasm for amusements has even threatened

to compete with your enthusiasm for knowledge. Your instincts are still sound and healthy. You prefer the pale heroes and heroines of the library and the laboratory to the rude but ruddy champions of the bat and the football. You do not, at the end of a busy summer season, expect "to read your average in a nation's eyes," or to be talked of or betted on in clubs and pavilions as having approached or beaten the record. This, too, is fame, and no one wishes to laugh at it; but I do yet again venture to remind you that the great glory of a University is, after all, reverence for knowledge, and "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" of students is, after all, Intellectual Enthusiasm.

We have named one bold rival of this high passion, one which just now is at the height of its popularity and can hardly perhaps soar much higher. Let us now venture to suggest a second, not so much a rival as a suppressor, a kind of *extincteur*, quenching not only the conflagrations of the intellect but even its purest and most delicate fires. I refer to the spirit of criticism carried to excess. In every great seat of learning the "balance of power" should include in happy poise and proportion the reverence for imagination and the reverence for criticism. I fear it must be admitted that, as a rule, it is the latter which is the "preponderating partner;" and we shall most of us agree that enthusiasm is the child of imagination rather than of criticism. Experience seems to show that, where the critical spirit becomes paramount for long together, imagination somewhat dwindles. Learned people get rather afraid of each other. They are sometimes less afraid of being ignorant than of being caught in a blunder. They count it a less reproach to be silent and unproductive than to be fertile and fallible. Where such nervousness prevails, farewell to much "intellectual enthusiasm!" It is a delicate sensitive plant. It needs the sunshine of outspoken sympathy and not too niggardly praise. Woe to any professor or teacher or companion who, by carrying criticism too far, forces enthusiasm to shut up its petals and wither away. We are all, I suppose, at times cynical. Let us all be warned in time, and be very merciful!

We have hinted at two of the foes or rivals of intellectual enthusiasm. I will name but one more, and it is a sad one even to name. Other enemies may come from without, this is from within. A man's foe is himself. I refer to what I call intellectual infidelity, the gradual loss of faith in the higher things of the mind. There are four lines of S. T. Coleridge which seem to spring from some deep Marah of bitterness, and rank high in the natural elegiacs of the human heart.

In vain we supplicate the Powers above :  
There is no resurrection for the Love  
That, nurst in tenderest care, yet fades away  
In the chilled heart by gradual self-decay.

"Gradual self-decay!" *There* is the one dread rival, the one arch-foe, to all true love—the love of the mind as well as the love of the heart. We never admit, we rarely are even aware of, the approach of either, but each is ever watching for its leap. "Only despise reason and knowledge"—so says the mocking spirit in Faust, in one of the basest yet most powerful of all soliloquies—"Only despise reason and knowledge, the highest strength of humanity, only permit thyself to be confirmed in delusion and sorcery-work by the spirit of lies—and I have thee unconditionally." "So hab' ich dich schon unbedingt."\* Yes, one dare not speak of so sacred a thing as intellectual enthusiasm, either to a large kindly audience like this or even in private to a few dear friends or pupils, without recognizing that it has in it not only what is infinitely precious but also what is frail and precarious. One might almost say of it, as we say of man himself, "He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

The temple of my youth  
Was strong in moral purpose; once I felt  
The glory of Philosophy, and knelt  
In the pure shrine of Truth.

Those were the words of a brilliant man, the pride of Eton and of Trinity, who died too early for his fame some sixty years ago. I mean Winthrop Mackworth Praed†. I name the date and the man, for there have been other like losses since. It seems to me that Praed here speaks for many, both in the early ardour which he claims and the later chill which he implies.

My friends, do not think me unseasonably serious or pedantically impertinent if, though a stranger in your presence, I avail myself of the sombre privilege of accumulating years, and ask you to entrust to me for the moment not your ears only, but, if it might be, some fragment of your conscience. There is not one among you who does not know and feel that the capacity for this "intellectual enthusiasm" is well nigh the noblest gift that he has received. You admire it in teachers; you love it among your comrades; you revere it, you cannot help revering it, in yourselves. You feel that you are rarely more yourselves, rarely—I will dare to say it—more truly "in the image of God," than when heart and mind in perfect union beat high to the wonders, the beauties, the sublimities, the old stored-up treasures, the fresh opening discoveries of the intellectual world. It is because this place ministers to these things, and

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\* Mephistopheles. Scene with the Student.

†*The Retrospect*, Vol. I., 264.

takes its name from them, and owns their greatness, that you love it and are proud of it. It is your hope, and almost your happy belief, that, whatever be your career when you leave these walls—whether to take part in public or domestic life, or to become the guide and teacher of others—this flame of intellectual enthusiasm may burn as bright as it burns to-day. To teach without enthusiasm, to teach coldly, dryly, languidly, unwillingly, with the sense of being bored—to teach because you must, because, in the phrase so agreeable to a great commercial nation, because you are “paid for it”—this, in your present state of feeling, you would regard as not so much a disgrace as a profanation. And yet, my friends, in a few years this profanation will surely come to you, as it has come to many, unless you confront it by manful preparation. “The wise keep oil in their vessels with their lamps.” So it is in spiritual things, and so it is in intellectual things. If the high places of the intellect are invaded by vanity, or love of display, or the spirit of the gladiator, or the duellist, or the advocate, or the trafficker—if once the love of knowledge for her own sake is marred by any lower love, such as that of shining, or attracting, or governing, or influencing, or making friends, or making money—then the profanation has begun, and the house of worship has become the “house of merchandise.”

But, my friends, on this auspicious day of assembly we will close with words not of misgiving, but of high congratulation and almost of blessing. This is a day of opportunities. All seems possible for you. As Lord Brougham said, just seventy years ago, of another great prospect, at the end of a speech\* not of minutes, but of hours—yes of six crowded hours—“The course is clear before you; the race is glorious to run.” You see wide open the gates of each fair city and each steep fortress of knowledge. This very day one new gate has been, as it were, unlocked by the massive hand of a Scholar and a Statesman, the only Leader of the House of Commons who has ever yet been a Professor in an English University.† You have before you, each bespeaking your attentions, the old learning and the new; the old learning, literature and mathematics, with its deep rich mines that are not yet, and never will be, fully explored; the new learning, physical science, which carries visibly on its brow the halo both of recent and of coming discoveries. Happy surely are they who live in an age when the Alexanders of Science have still new worlds to conquer; nay, when each such explorer is hour by hour on the verge of a fresh conquest, his ear listening for the first whisper of one more secret of the Creator!

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\* Peroration of Speech on Law Reform, February 7th, 1828.

† A new block of buildings was opened by the Right Hon. Sir William Harcourt, M.P., from 1869 to 1887 Whewell Professor of International Law in the University of Cambridge.

It happens sometimes that we see a man, not indeed himself a discoverer but a student of discoveries, standing, as it were, on the very scene of the new-born treasure, as Speke stood by the waters of Nyanza, or as Schliemann stood by the tombs of Mycenae. Let me give you one instance of how a young man could feel, and almost prophesy, when, just a century ago, he first saw the promised land of a new science which is not always regarded as the most fascinating—I mean the science of Political Economy, the science which Pitt embodied in his Budgets and of which Fox, if I remember, said that to read a page of it gave him a headache.

This is how a young Cambridge man, when twenty-three years of age, wrote to his father in 1797, the year of Rivoli and of the death of Burke. "I have just finished Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' *Das ist ein Buch*, as we say in German. I'll tell you what, Sir, it is the fashion to run down the age in which we live, but the preceding sixteen centuries do not seem to have advanced literature and science so much, not put all together. Here are now politics reduced to science, the study which of all others seemed the least capable of being subjected to close reasoning. I should like to sleep thirty years, or much rather to look forward with the ken of prophesy thirty years into the page of Time, and predict the discoveries we shall then have made. Perhaps trade will ere then be free all over the world; nation shall traffic with nation upon as free a footing as at this time village with village, and commerce shall have shaken off her shackles into the sea, those hateful shackles which the unbrotherly jealousies of rival states have forged, forcing themselves to a scanty and dear sustenance rather than that a neighbouring country should be enriched by affording them plenty at less cost. But I must stop here, or my Adam-Smithian *furor* will bear me away. It is one of the finest books of the age."\*

And, I too, ladies and gentlemen, must also "stop here," even as my dear father stopped in his letter to his father a hundred and one years ago. I know that I have kept you too long. My object has been clear and yet not pretentious. I knew that I had nothing to teach; I hoped I had something to suggest, to remind, to rekindle. I knew that I could not make you geologists, or philologists, or mechanics, or politicians. I did venture to hope that, partly through the *genius loci*, and yet more by the kindness and freshness of your own hearts in this happy haunt of youth—I did venture to hope I might "fire your imaginations."

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\*. Unpublished letter of George Butler, January 7th, 1797, afterwards Headmaster of Harrow School and Dean of Peterborough.

And now, as I take my final leave of you, let me presume to offer you my most respectful felicitation on the proud position which you already hold among the great educational fortresses of our common country. It must have been an impressive and memorable day when your first foundation stone was laid, and when all that was best in your city and in your neighbourhood bade your youthful College God-speed. A very learned historian,\* my own greatest living benefactor, in fact, my wife's father, has lately called my attention to some of the details of the Coronation Service of the Kings of England as they were celebrated long centuries back in the Abbey of Westminster. Some are still preserved, and long may it be before they are again witnessed! Others have become obsolete. Let me name just a few, as they appeared to the eyes of Harold, and the lion-hearted Richard, and the heroic father of the first Prince of Wales. The new King, after the reverent anointing of head and breast and elbows and shoulders, stood up before the nobles and prelates of his realm to receive from the hands of the Primate the various symbols of power and of function. "Take thou this sword. Take thou these bracelets. Take thou this mantle. Let this crown, which I have blessed, encircle thy brow. Take thou this ring. Take in thy right hand this sceptre, crowned with the cross and rising from an orb of gold, and in thy left hand this rod, with the dove seated on its top." Then, after the solemn benediction and the chanting of the ancient hymn *Te Deum Laudamus*, "We praise Thee, O God," was heard once more the voice of the Archbishop, *Sta et Retine*, "Stand firm and Hold fast."†

Such sacred words, such august forms, are in part history, in part allegory. You too, my friends, have had but a few years since your ceremony of dedication—I might almost call it your coronation—when the fair diadem of learning was placed upon your brow, and when gift after gift of gracious power and glorious responsibility was committed to your keeping for the good of your country. These gifts, each an emblem and an instrument of blessing, you have kept and will keep. You need no word of farewell exhortation from a stranger, and yet you shall hear it from him, and some perchance may remember it in years to come. *Sta et Retine*. Stand fast and Hold fast. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown!"‡

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\* Sir James Ramsay of Bamff, Bart., author of *Lancaster and York* and *The Foundations of England*.

† For these details see Maskell's *Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiae Anglicanae*, Vol. iii.; Taylor's *Glory of Regality*; and E. A. Freeman's description of the Coronation of Harold, *The Norman Conquest*, Vol. iii., page 42, and Appendix, page 626.

‡ Rev. iii., 11.













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